

# The Weekly Ledger.

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## THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

Sketches in Chinatown—Its Sights, Signs and Smells—How Ah Sin makes His Living.

[Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27.—If the thumb-nail-jotter were to stand at a San Francisco street-corner and watch a trades-procession, he would not require a very large nail, certainly not that of a Chinaman, or to use microscopical writing, to note down those callings to which the Chinese might not furnish representatives. Bootblacks, car-conductors, bar-tenders, masons, express-men, hack-drivers and newsboys make up the miserable few who have not the honor of a daily competitor for bread with the errand sons of Cathay. All other trade-calling, without particularizing—are vigorously pursued by the Chinese, and very many to

### THE EXTENT OF MONOPOLY.

The means of livelihood from which white labor has entirely, or almost entirely, been driven, are shoe and slipper-making, cigar-making, washing, fish-peddling, the sewing of flannel underwear and men's coarse clothing, and domestic service. This list, it will be seen, includes about everything in which white girls and boys could find an honest living. At the session of the Senatorial Committee of investigation held last April, and already referred to in these letters, Officer Rogers presented a report "of details relative to the different industrial pursuits which are either monopolized by the Chinese, or are fast becoming so." Had there been "sufficient time," the report might perhaps have been made the vehicle of some most valuable and correct statistics. As it is, however, the paper possesses no particular value; and, when the following figures have been taken from it, there would be no use in embodying it here. These figures show the numbers engaged in

### BUT FOUR TRADES, VIZ.:

Cigar-making	3,300
Laundries	3,000
Feeling	4,000
Domestic	5,000
Total	25,300

These figures dispose of the great bulk of the Chinese workers in the city. The classification of the remaining few odd thousands is an easy matter—to group them requiring nothing more difficult than an observant walk through Chinatown. Although a thorough investigation of this quarter means being brought into contact with much that is objectionable and more that is foul, I have no delicacy in asking your companionship, since it will not be that of person. Besides, the trip to-day, though scarcely as touristically superficial as the usual visit of the Eastern arrival who "does Chinatown," will not necessitate the description of such sights as must furnish much of the subject-matter for my next letter.

### CHINATOWN.

A line drawn east from Stockton Street along Broadway to Kearny, south along Kearny to California, west along California to Stockton, and north along Stockton to Broadway, would form an oblong of six blocks by two, with the length lying north and south, within which all Chinatown may be said to lie, like the very rotten kernel of a clean shelled nut. The names of these streets mean but little to the *Tribune* readers, in all probability; but they mean much to San Franciscans, for they are those of four of the principal thoroughfares of the city, and the space within them should be the fairest part of this fair town. As yet the shell, at a casual glance, seems sound and solid enough; but look closely at it, and little black spots tell the story of impure involution. Which means—to quit nutting—that all along these twelve blocks the creeping, creeping, creeping Chinaman has his cigar-stands, and wash-houses, and little wood-yards established—ugly fixtures, like the black counters of an undertaker's shop. But along Dupont Street, up Washington, Jackson, and Pacific, and down Sacramento and Commercial—a streetlet—these are the shafts and drifts that strike the copper-vein in all its richness. To pass from Kearny to Dupont on a quiet summer's evening, time 6:30, is the quick transition from San Francisco to Kwang Tung. Let there be a full moon, for the moonlight will soften the objectionable in its dark-gray shadows, and yet leave every thing sufficiently distinct in the yellow open.

### SUCH A QUICK BUSTLE

and rapid passage to and fro of these thousands, who look as much alike as one Sepoy regiment does another; such activity within and without; the restaurants, more brightly painted than the courtesan's cheeks, gay with lanterns of all hues and shapes, and crowded with guests; the commoner boarding-houses, under ground, swarming with hungry workmen, whose chopsticks move even faster than their tongues, and who loom dimly through a thick cloud of smoke and steam, rank as the stink-wort; crowds of buyers around the fish, pork, and vegetable stands, where the air is filled with the order of pigs, scales, and much guttural haggling; every where the all-pervading sense of bustle and work. The streets are lined with stores and work-shops, on the ground, above, and under. Here, a goldsmith fashioning rings for fingers and ears, heavy in weight, ornate and bizarre, in carving, with his great spectacles close down on the tiny anvil, and the strands sputtering in his lamp-dish; next door, a chemist's, with more "yarks" than ever Dr. Parr knew of, and roots, swinging from the rafters, of every inconceivable shape and uselessness; two doors below, a pork-butcher's, with every body and every thing around the premises gory and fat, for your Chinaman never uses a saw or meat-ax, but slivers off a slice here and hacks off

a hunk there, until the bones are bare enough for a Frenchman's soup; underneath the butcher's, a vegetable dealer's, with bulbs and esculents of all sizes and appearances, but which I know, from a series of conscientious experiments, all taste alike. Cross the street, and you are face to face with a money-broker, who has as neighbors a tinman and a gambling-den; whilst the general stores, where rice-paper, and opium, and tea-pots are all offered—for twice as much as they are worth—are everywhere. Nearly all the stores have little galleries running round them, in which bent, patient Chinamen incessantly tread away at sewing-machines, on which are being stitched the inevitable flannel undershirts, which might be the city's badge. Every other cellar is a barber's shop, marked by the green tripod outside—in which John has his head shaved, his eyebrows slanted, and his ears cleaned, religiously, once a week; while all along the streets are innumerable fruit, cake, and candy stands, and in every doorway a little old man, on a little old stool, forever trying to patch and mend a hopelessly-busted boot.

Go a turn down Sacramento Street and the

### RICH MERCHANTS' STORES

come into view. They are a credit to the place, being neatly kept, and comfortably furnished after the Chinese stiff-backed ideas of comfort—the owners having the satisfied, complacent look of the well-to-do, and store and cellars filled with fat bags of rice and sugar, and scented chests of tea. Back again through Dupont Street, and up a flight or two of steps, and there is scarcely any abatement in the signs of an earnest, persistent, tireless work and labor. This is a corridor on which open five rooms: In No. 1, an octogenarian, who wears a moustache, and looks askance at the bone-scraper, as he passes him in the street, teaching a bird tricks; No. 2, another old man teaching a young class English—every scholar as earnest and grave as a crow; in No. 3, two intelligent men who are mounting photographs; in No. 4, a doctor mending a broken nose with a patch of something black and sticky, and so generously applied that a hole has to be tunneled in it to connect with the patient's mouth; and in No. 5, two tailors and half-a-dozen lamp makers. A parting stroll to

### NOTE BY THE EARS,

and we shall have finished for the time with Chinatown.

Out from the open windows of this restaurant comes wail after wail; then three re-reiterated notes of a heathenish and most incomplete gamut; then the wail again, high-pitched and awful in its intensity of untunefulness; then a quick, hard rattle, a series of staccato crashes on cymbals, a final thump on a gong, a concerted allegro of horrors; and *da capo*, till the crack of doom, on a hand-organ in the last stages of wheezy consumption, would be welcomed as an agreeable diversion. It is very likely that the followers of that old prototype of Tupper, Confucius, have some proverb equivalent to "There's no accounting for tastes;" and this music is to the Chinese restaurant a sweet attendant on good appetite. The windows are closed in this house, and the doors too; but a visitor, leaving, brings with him the echo of the cries around the *tan-table*. Through this door comes the loud voice of a native missionary, leading John from the error of his ways; and from that opposite comes the louder laughter of the crowds who are intent on this, the ninety-first act of a tragic-comedy, that has just reached an interesting stage. And so, let these musicians, gamblers, preachers, and actors stand as the concluding group in my attempted classification of Chinese labor in San Francisco.

### OF THE SOJOURNERS IN ARCADIA

it will be impossible to do more than take a glance; for John, like the dorky in the hymn, is much given to "a-roaming through an unfriendly-land world." Where there is fruit to be picked, there is John; where there is a road or a dam to be built, there is John; trees to be felled, shrimps to be pressed, bridges to be repaired, wheat to be gathered, cooking to be done—in brief, mention any form of country labor, and the answer could safely be stereotyped: "That, the Chinese do."

O. P. QUEE.

### A Balloon Adventure.

D. S. Thomas, an aeronaut, who made an ascent from Bridgeport, Conn., the other day, tells the following exciting story of his adventures during the trip: "About 5 o'clock in the evening, after laboring for several miles to make a landing and save my balloon, I was thrown from my basket into some pine timber in Rockland, Plymouth County, Mass. The brittle limbs broke when I struck them, but they eased my fall considerably, and I landed upon the ground with only loss of clothing. Could I have had some assistance I think I could have saved my balloon, but when last seen it was at a great height over the Atlantic, headed for Europe. Seeing the ocean before me I determined to land in a valley which I saw, and where I thought the wind must be light. I got out my anchor, which caught in a stone wall and parted in an instant. The wind was now blowing a gale, and I determined to wreck the balloon in order to save it. Having no rip-line or collapse-cord, I dashed into the timber with the hope of making a rent, but being new, and of very strong material, the balloon only rebounded and plunged through the top of the timber at a great rate of speed. Some idea of the wind may be had from the fact that I traveled the last 50 miles of my trip in 60 minutes. While dragging through the timber the basket was several times turned bottom up, which lost me my ballast, thus counteracting all my efforts at the valve. Mr. Thomas P. Hinkham, living near by, came to my assistance, and to him and his family I am indebted for kind care."

Two Roman Catholic priests have recently joined the English Unitarians—Fathers Suffield and Hargrave. The latter has just been called to a prominent congregation in Leeds.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

### Personal and Literary.

—Bancroft, the historian, spent his seventy-sixth birthday at the Centennial on the 3d.

—The wife of an American consul in Germany teaches school over her husband's office.

—Gen. Sam Cary, Vice-President on the Greenback ticket, was the uncle of Phoebe and Alice Cary.

—Julian Kennedy, Yale's crack oarsman, has gone to Youngstown, Ohio, where he takes charge of a large iron-works.

—Walt Whitman is to read a poem on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of Thomas Paine, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

—Alexander H. Stephens, although still in feeble health, is engaged in preparing an article on American history for "Johnson's Encyclopedia."

—The Rev. Josiah Henson, the original of *Uncle Tom* in Mrs. Stowe's novel, is lecturing in London. He is 88 years old, and his home is in Canada.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler, our Secretary of Legation in Turkey, has received a handsome offer from a lecture manager to deliver a series of conferences in this country on the Bulgarian atrocities.

—Mark Twain and Senator Jones are among the shareholders of the Hartford Accident Insurance Company that has just burst after a brief but inglorious existence of two years.

—A British journal pays this pretty compliment to an American bard: "Al-drich says: 'As wild as the winds that tread the curled red leaf in the air, is the song that I have never sung.' The man who knows a song like that, and nobly forbears to sing it, is a credit to any country."

—Mr. Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher, intends to remain in the United States about six months. In New York City he will be the guest of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, and will probably make his first public appearance in the pulpit of that eminent divine. His former visit to the United States occurred in 1851, when he spent three months in the country.

### School and Church.

—The first Baptist sermon in Texas was preached in 1837. The denomination now consists of 70,000 communicants in that State.

—The Canadian Irish Catholics will make a pilgrimage to Rome next summer, and will carry an offering of \$30,000 to the Pope.

—The Detroit Methodist Conference, at its late session, criticised most severely the rationalistic tendencies in the University of Michigan.

—Bishop Green, the episcopal head of a small body of colored Methodists in the United States and Canada, announces that a consolidation has been effected with the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

—The Boston School Committee has voted a salary of \$1,000 to James Robinson, aged 95, and an old teacher. The old gentleman is dependent on this money, and is left to believe that he is still liable to be called on to teach arithmetic and book-keeping.

—The death is announced from Rome of the Rev. Father Perrone, of the Society of Jesus, a learned Roman Catholic theologian, and the head, at different times, of various Church colleges in Rome. Father Perrone was born in 1794, and died upon the 28th of last August.

—Cornell University has 215 new students. Six of these are ladies, 23 are from other colleges and universities, 53 enter the scientific course, 17 the course in literature, 22 the course in arts, 18 in engineering, and the remainder are distributed among the minor courses or are optional students.

—Prof. Swing, in a recent lecture on revivals before his church in Chicago, said: "While personally I do not believe one-half of the doctrines Brother Moody teaches, I expect, when I go to those meetings, to be awakened up to the general atmosphere of the place by its religious surroundings."

—The question of retaining married women as teachers in the public schools is before the Board of Education of New York. Commissioner Fuller is opposed to them and gives his reasons. He believes that "the maternal obligation unfits her for teaching. She is liable to be unfitted for the duties of a school-room for months at a time, and to supply her place a floating teacher must be employed, and the progress of the class disturbed only to be again subjected to confusion when the teacher returns." Mr. Fuller also thinks the practice of retaining teachers after marriage tends to encourage hasty and indiscreet marriages. "Young women from the Normal schools are better fitted," he thinks, "for the occupation than the older teachers."

### Science and Industry.

—Refrigerator ships now make it possible to supply all Europe with American butter. Five million pounds were exported during the last fiscal year, and the trade is a mere baby yet.

—Turkey furnishes most of the sponges of commerce and pretty much all of the opium. The disturbed condition of the old bird renders it highly probable that both of these articles will be advanced in value. So, lay in your winter supply.

—Gold coins, though hardened with alloy, wear so rapidly in abrasion by handling, that, simply moving and counting a million dollars in the Treasury vaults, at Washington, upon the resignation of Gen. Spinner, reduced the weight of the mass by some 25 pounds of gold—equal to \$6,000.

—The Florida orange crop for the present season is 25,000,000, worth on an average at the groves \$15 per thousand, making \$375,000. It is estimated that there are now not more than 3,000 acres of young trees from four to six years old from the bud, some bearing as many as 100 oranges the past fruit season. For the next five years the crop will gradually increase from the growth of trees to 150,000,000, yielding a product of \$5,250,000, or about one-seventh of the product of Palermo.

—A California journal makes some comparison between French and native wines, stating that, while France produces a vast quantity of very superior wine, California produces a great deal of wine of medium quality, which is superior to ordinary French wines. In the north and northwest of France the grape crop is not thoroughly ripened, and the wine made is therefore sour, and, if sent to foreign markets, must be sweetened and otherwise prepared in order to be sold. California grapes are sufficiently to furnish the color and sweetness required, so that there is little inducement to adulterate it.

—Among the new industries of the past few years, says the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, is the collection and sale of the creeping ferns, so common in New England woods, but entirely unknown beyond the Alleghanies, and, until last year, unknown beyond the Hudson. Often the value of the ferns growing on a single acre of woodland will exceed that of an acre of corn, and wood-lots have been bought at high prices solely to control the fern trade. The season for gathering these ferns begins about the middle of August and lasts till late in autumn. Originally only fresh ferns were sold, and those largely for Christmas decorations, but the trade in the pressed ferns is now by far the largest part of the business, and gives employment to a number of hands. One dealer keeps about 12 girls at work pressing. A dozen ferns are pressed in one "string," and one New York house has ordered 20,000 strings. The pressed ferns are sent all over the United States and Canada, many going to California.

### Haps and Mishaps.

—Joseph Omer, an old resident of Clinton County, Iowa, was recently kicked to death by a mule he was driving.

—Ada Holmes, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, shot herself while carelessly handling a pistol, inflicting a serious, and probably fatal, wound.

—Riley Stonebreaker, a wealthy farmer living in Bristol, Kenosha County, Wis., was accidentally shot while in the act of taking a gun from a boy who was hunting in company with him.

—At Terre Haute, Ind., a few days ago, a number of boys were shooting at a mark with a pistol, when one of them was accidentally shot in the eye by a companion, dying in a few hours afterward.

—Hayden Cole, a student at Greencastle, Ind., from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, had both legs cut off below the knees in attempting to board a moving train in the Union Depot at Indianapolis, a few days ago. His injuries were supposed to be fatal.

—Jacob Lamb, a New York butcher, followed the remains of his sister to Greenwood Cemetery, and after her body had been lowered in the grave, drew a pistol and shot himself in the head, killing himself instantly.

—Neils Nelson, a mechanic in the Union Pacific Railroad shops, at Omaha, was caught in the belt of some machinery and hurled to the scaffold above. His skull was terribly crushed, bones broken in several places, and death was instantaneous.

—A young man named Samuel Granahan was killed recently six miles north of Norway, Iowa, while trying to separate two fighting bulls. The cattle-men saw his danger and ran to his assistance, but reached the spot too late. He was dead before they got there.

—Miss Tracy Mounoch, a young lady 19 years old, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was singing chickens the other day, when her clothes caught fire, and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Her mother, hearing her screams, went to her assistance, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not before the mother was burned a great deal worse than the girl. The mother's injuries will probably prove fatal.

—At a logging-bee near Miner Lake, Mich., the other day, Emmet Sampson took up a pistol which he saw in the house, when George Wall jerked it from him, and, pointing it at him, playfully said: "Sampson, I'll blow your brains out." At the word, the pistol was discharged, lodging a load of fine shot in Sampson's head, over the left eye, causing a painful, but not necessarily fatal wound.

### Foreign Notes.

—Sir Thomas White, member of the Board of Aldermen for the ward of Portsoken, has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

—The publisher of the *Tribune*, a Radical Paris newspaper, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for an article insulting religion.

—The Rector of Heywood, England, recently issued an edict ordering all members of his Church choir to dress in black, with black ties, to take the sacrament once a month, and not to sing in the streets or places of amusement, or "for the promotion of dissent." The choristers have struck.

—In the London Divorce Court, lately, a woman prayed for dissolution of her marriage on the ground that she was insane at the time it took place. She was then so prostrated with grief at the loss of her husband as to lose her reason, and a man in a much humbler station of life than herself persuaded her to marry him. She had since been in an asylum, but was now sane. The evidence being perfectly satisfactory, the marriage was dissolved.

—A barrel of 1861 Johannisberg, from the famous cellars of Prince Metternich, has just been knocked down for the highest price ever given even for that wine. The purchaser is the recently deposed Sultan, who, after attempting to jump into the Bosphorus, appears determined to drown his cares in the bowl. The piece contains 1,400 bottles—about £3 5s. a bottle—so the Sultan Murad will have something to console him for the sword of Osman, now worn by his brother.

—When the Emperor William visited Leipzig, the King of Saxony surprised him, hammer in hand, driving a nail into the wall above his camp bedstead to hang his watch upon. In reply to the very natural question why he did

not let a servant do it, the Emperor said: "Servants? I know them too well; instead of selecting a seam as I do, they would drive the nail in the middle of the silk hangings, and when I am visiting I like to do as little damage as possible."

—Louis I. Jennings writes from London to the *New York World*: "I doubt whether the English will ever be a polite people—it is not in their blood. When I see a dozen of them together—whether in the country or in town, in a drawing-room or a theater, at a club or in a hotel—I am always struck by their rudeness to each other. They will scarcely answer a question in a civil manner. They walk into a coffee-room of a hotel, where ladies are present, with their hats on, and shout out for and to the waiter in their loudest and most commanding tones. They stand all across a doorway, and will not make room for any body to pass, and if you enter a railroad carriage where a few of them are, they glare at you in a manner which speedily convinces you that you have no right there, and have been guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion. Yet this bearishness is chiefly on the surface, and underneath the Englishman is a kindly hearted, hospitable sort of a man, although I must say that he manages to disguise it pretty thoroughly."

### Odd and Ends.

[From the Burlington Hawk-eye.]

—There are over eight million horses and mules in this country and only eleven hundred veterinary surgeons. Now you see why the horses are so universally healthy, and a mule never thinks of dying a natural death.

—Youngman afraid-of-his-tailor, a Burlington schemer, spends most of his time now thinking up new plans for appealing his trousers-maker and wishing he had saved the money he had spent for sherry-cobblers to buy his winter clothes.

—Lemuel Parkinson, one of a hunting-party, was instantly killed at Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y., recently, by the accidental discharge of a double-barreled shotgun which was dropped on the sidewalk. One charge pierced his leg and the other his heart.

—A Yale College graduate has taken a position as conductor on a Massachusetts railroad, and he has this advantage over all his brother conductors, that he can call a nervous, fidgety, worrying passenger a miserable old one-eyed son of a sea cook, and threaten to put the biggest kind of a head on him, in original Greek, thus relieving his feelings without being liable to be reported to the company.

—Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, the man who "would not live away," and "asked not to stay," was presented by his friends with \$20,000 last Saturday, the occasion being his eighty-fifth birthday. The Doctor says he is glad he stayed so long, and thinks he will add an appendix to his hymn signifying that he has stayed so long he would just as lief wait till the next centennial before he packs his grip-sack.

### Love by Telegraph.

There seems to be a very intimate relationship between love and electricity. Communications are continually passing between the eyes of lovers by electric flashes. If, then, we are asked, "Can love be made by telegraph?" we should reply, "Certainly," even if we never knew of an instance in which it was done. There are, however, many stories current of the marriages that have taken place between telegraphists, the courtship having been carried on through the medium of the wires. *Chambers' Journal* gives us a case, related by Mr. Scudamore, in which the parties were certainly far enough apart to begin with. At one time a male operator occupied the seat at one end of the wire between Berlin and London, a female the seat at the other end. In the intervals of dispatches, they chatted together by the aid of the wire, and in this way became acquainted with each others' habits and character. Then came the natural curiosity to know each others' looks. Here photography came to the aid of telegraphy. Photographs were exchanged with mutual satisfaction, and in due time the happy pair became man and wife. It is said that people can learn more about those with whom they are in the habit of exchanging telegrams than would naturally be supposed. Experts can even tell the handwriting of the operator at the other end of the line.

A new and remarkable invention is, however, now announced, which one would imagine will altogether supersede ordinary telegraphy, at least in love-making. The tones of the voice can now be conveyed on wires to a great distance, and parties can converse with each other in perfect assurance of identity. At one end of the line is a trumpet-shaped instrument, provided with a thin diaphragm of gold-beater's skin, close to which revolves a small helix connected with an electric current and induction coil. The moment a sound is made, the vibration of the diaphragm causes the helix to revolve, and this in turn repeats the notes not only at hand, but by the electric current at a distance. Rich invalids might now hear sermons, lectures or concerts, without leaving their rooms, and lovers talk nonsense a thousand miles apart.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Outwitting a French Mob.

It is 4 o'clock, and the dense crowd surrounds the Hotel de Ville. A man decends the steps, crying aloud: "Make way! Make way for a messenger of the Government of National Defence!" He waves a paper above his head, on which is written, legibly: "In the name of the Republic, one and indivisible! Liberty, fraternity, and equality! Allow Citizen M., to whom has been entrusted an important mission of state, to pass freely where he will."

As if by magic a broad way is opened through the surging crowd, and cries of "Vive la République!" greet the messenger as he hurries upon his mission. He bounds into the Rue de Rivoli, and entering a tobacconist's exclaims: "Quick, there! Ten cents' worth of fine-cut for Citizen Floquet!"—*New Orleans Republican*.

## A Bold Band of Nebraska Horse-Thieves Spotted and Captured.

The citizens of Falls City and Rulo, Neb., says the *Atchison (Kan.) Champion*, have been the victims for some time past of numerous depredations committed by a gang of horse-thieves. Even the Indians on the reservation have suffered severely from having their ponies taken from them. No clue could be had to the depredators, and farmers would keep a sharp look out, yet somehow or other their horses would disappear as if by magic, and nothing further ever heard from them. Settlers formed themselves into vigilance committees, and scoured the country far and wide, with no success, save that they had been seen at such and such a place, etc. Finally, after almost every conceivable plan had been experimented on and all had signally failed, a young man, whose name will not be mentioned for the present, resolved to organize himself into a detective force of one, and endeavor to obtain some clew as to who the guilty parties were. After a few weeks consultation with himself, he, by strategy, became one of the members of the gang, pledged to act in accordance with the constitutions governing all well-regulated bands of banditti, and proved himself to be one of the most daring and fearless operators in the gang, perfectly reckless, and regarding his life as only a secondary consideration. In fact, he was a trump card, and always playing a full hand, was soon led into all their secrets and stratagems, going with them, always with them when necessary, and yet only waiting for an opportunity to present when he could give them away, and stop their nefarious practices.

As each succeeding day brings us nearer the end, so did each day that passed into the future bring our band of thieves nearer the jail. They had stolen some horses and had determined to visit Atchison, there to dispose of their stock in hand and what other they might fall into, sell it, divide the proceeds and return to their homes. The detective notified Marshal Crall when they were to be in the city, and placed that officer on the lookout for the party. Yesterday they arrived in Atchison, the detective first having become separated from his companions. He proceeded to Crall's stables early in the morning, and inquired if a bay and sorrel horse had been left there. A negative reply being given, the detective posted Frank Parks as to the order of things, and proceeded to saunter about the city, keeping a vigilant eye on all streets and corners for his companions. Shortly after noon the horses were seen to enter Crall's stables, and officers were immediately put on the alert. After the three had concluded examining the livery stock, Park, to prevent the detective from giving them all away, got him into a secluded spot and kept him out of sight. The thieves wandered up and down the main streets and alleys, and returned to the livery stable; here was the golden opportunity, and while they were in the stable the officers came in and took possession of the two thieves, and incarcerated them in the County Jail. This occurred about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the detective and the officers who knew any thing about the case thought it a good afternoon's work.

But this was only a beginner. Marshal Crall had spotted a suspicious looking individual during the afternoon, and, falling into conversation with him, found he had some stock to sell. Proceeding to an old stable owned by G. W. Buckheart, near the Etna engine house, there he unexpectedly saw two strange horses and one or two men. He immediately arrested the men and placed them in jail. They had disposed, during the morning, of a horse to a man named Dugan, in West Atchison, for \$20. Here was a fresh field, and a puzzle to Marshal Crall, who had not heard of this new lead, but he took advantage of it by having Dugan identify the party, returned to him the money for the stolen horse, and arrested the thieves.

This made four men and four horses that had been captured during the day by Marshal Crall, and Officers Truesdell and Clark. They give their names as Harry Bayless, Montgomery Bayless, J. W. Smith, alias Osborne, and Nathan Leonard. The Bayless brothers are from Falls City, and the remainder from that vicinity; one or two had evidently been here before, as they appeared to be familiar with the alleys and side streets, and acquainted with several citizens. After they had been placed in jail Marshal Crall examined each prisoner separately, and received as many versions as to where they came from and where they got their colts and ponies.

The thieves will be taken before United States Commissioner John M. Price, this morning, when a hearing will be granted them.

This is probably only a portion of the band, and further arrests may be looked for soon, as the officers are on the track of several suspicious characters.

### Extraordinary Suicide.

A suicide, under extraordinary circumstances, has occurred at Rebough, a suburb of Limerick, Ireland. The nuptials of a daughter of a man named Lawlor with a Mr. Hogan, a farmer residing in the neighborhood, were being celebrated at the residence of the father of the bride when, at an advanced stage of the proceedings, the merrymaking was changed to horror by a discovery of the body of Lawlor suspended from a rafter in a small bed-room. I had got on a basket, adjusted a noose to his neck with one of his braces, tilted the beam of timber, and, kicking away the basket, succeeded in hanging himself. The only motive alleged in this singular occurrence is that Lawlor, having after long refusal given daughter the fortune required (£2,000 and a portion of the land), repented the step he had taken, and in consequence committed suicide. He was over 60 years of age.

—Elihu Burritt writes in the *Congressionalist* that some of the modern popular religious songs outdo the most sentimental of the most sensational novels. The language, style, metaphor of some of them, he says, can not have been borrowed from novel but from a more sensuous source.